

REVIEW.

Tuesday, May 12. 1713.

Nothing can be more agreeable to those who have any Compassion left in their Minds for their Native Country, than to see Peoples Thoughts encline, *a little more than they did but few Weeks ago*, to Peace; I would not be mistaken, I am not speaking of the Peace with *France* now; but Peace at Home, Peace among our selves, Peace with one another.

Let any one judge of the Mischiefs of our Party-Writers, by observing only this one thing, which is just now our Case, how when but *one or two* of them bate their Rancour, and cease casting Firebrands, Arrows, and Death, the Fire of the Peoples Tempers also abate: Hitherto the poor People seem to have been kept hot, only by the constant Application of their respective Incendiaries; *like a Drunkard*, whose Blood is kept in a continual Feavour by the daily plying him with Wine; but stop the enflaming Potion, and he returns to his Temper, his Humour, and the exercise of his Reason.

Would the writing of virulent Pamphlets, the scurrilous Invectives, the weekly, *nay I might say*, the daily flux of printed Scandal cease, the Minds of the People would return to themselves, and they would be restor'd to their Temper, to their Humour, and to the Exercise of their Reason; a thing which has indeed seem'd as if it had been quite lost, and smother'd in the Smoak of our late Contentions.

The People of this Nation seem to me like the great Ocean of Waters; the original Surface was smooth and fair; it was created calm and still; when the Sun shines upon it in its native Posture, it smiles again, and reflects back the Rays of Light with a Brightness, and kind of Pleasantry very delightful to behold: But its Nature being fluid, its Particles easily separated, the least aggression of Wind puts it into Motion. If the Winds blow hard, that Motion encreases, and in proportion to the force of those Winds, all those Smiles of the Ocean's Face are soon turn'd into Wrinkles and Frowns: Again, If that Violence encrease to a Storm, but especially if it blows from several Quarters at once, if the Wind

and Tide meet, or the Storm blows against a strong Current of the Waters; this puts it into an inexpressible Rage, the Waves mount up to Heaven; the roaring of the Waters drowns the Voice of the lowdest Thunders; the beautiful Face of the Sea is turn'd all to Horror, and the most lively Representation of the utmost Confusion; a raging Madness seems to possess the Water, and the Waves dash not only against the impenetrable Rocks, and the Shoars, that are set for its eternal Bounds, but, as if rais'd up to Lunacy and Madness, and bent upon self-Destruction, they dash one against another till they spend themselves into Foam and Froath, and sink down under the weight of their own Disorder; then rise and rage again to the same fruitless Purpose; describing exactly a Powerful and most Furious Body, who has Will and Strength enough to destroy the World, but no directing Agency within it self to put its enrag'd Desires in Execution — And yet after all the fury of the Waves, let but the Winds abate, the Storm cease, and a Calm come on, the Sea returns to its native Beauty, bright and smooth as at first.

*Let but th' aggressing Tempest cease,
It's Inclinations are to Calms and Peace.*

Just thus the People of this Nation; Nature which dictates to them by Reasoning, has prepared them with Peaceable Tempers, willing to submit to the Government of Laws, when just Authority shines upon them with healing and protecting Influences; they reflect submissive Smiles, and with a pleasing Willingness exert their Subjection and Obedience, ready to subserve the Sovereign Power that is set over them, *with Defence*, faithful Services, and an united Subordination.

But as they are by Nature fluctuating, and easily, *like the Particles of the Water*, separated from one another; if Winds of Faction blow, if the Vapours of Dissatisfaction rise, and Discontent stir, they are easily put into Motion; especially if these Winds blow from

from suffering Points of the Nation's Politick Compass at the same time; as when *Court Breezes*, and *Country Squalls* of Wind meet, or when the gusts of *State Winds*, raised by private Interest, blow against the Current of *those many Waters*, the Peoples Inclinations; when the Court *Mausones*, and the Mob *Tornadoes* shock against one another: *Alas!* When these things happen, and especially when they are raised by those Princes of the Power of THAT Air, the writing Devils of a Nation, into Hurricanes and Tempests, what dreadful Havock do they make! What a Ferment do they put *that fluid Ocean, the People*, into! How is the whole Body enflam'd! How do the Waves of Parties dash against those Impenetrable Rocks, the Laws! And those eternal Bounds (*Governments*) which Nature has appointed to restrain them! And when they find the Attempts fruitless and destructive, how do they run together into universal Tumult, dash madly against themselves, and blindly overwhelm one another, till breaking to pieces, by the force of their own Madness, they sink under the weight of the intollerable Rage, and spend themselves into mere Froath and Foam; (*Viz.*) *Railing and Raging at their Rulers!*

But after all this, when they are tired, and out of breath, and only preparing, as it were, to repeat the same Violences; let but the Incendiaries be remov'd, let the Fomenters of the unhappy Discord be discouraged or punish'd; let the Authors of Faction, Division and Contention but cease and lay down; the Party-Rage gradually abates, the Peoples Inclinations are to Calms and Peace; let Governours act by Law, Oppressions cease, Justice have its Course, Property be preserv'd, and Right and Truth take place; Peace presently prevails, and the Clamour and Tumults of the Street die of course.

If I may direct my Speech from this Allusion, to my Countrymen of this Nation, it shall be with the utmost Impartiality thus; Let our Governours but preserve, Inviolable, the sacred Rights of the Con-

stitution, such as the Currency of Justice, the Superiority of Law to the highest Sovereignty, the Preservation of Religion, Revolution, Union, and Protestant Succession, that none of these Quarters blow uneasy Gales upon this great Ocean, *the People*, to ruffle the smooth Face, and disturb the Calm of the Nation; and on the other hand, let the Incendiaries of the Nation cease, let no Winds of Sedition or Party-Strife, or of contriv'd Discontents be rais'd, neither by Preaching, Writing or Printing; and we shall soon see the Inclinations of the People are naturally to Calms and Peace, and they will soon return to themselves again.

I cannot but observe, as I said above, the little beginnings which have already appear'd of this among us, *so-but little*; and how they lead us by the Hand to greater Hopes — See now Dr. — can preach Divinity, and cease to Rage in Politics; *Axel Roper* forgives, and forbears to Insult his suppress'd Adversary; *The Flying-Post* is turn'd into mere News-Paper, and its enrag'd Author fled from the abhor'd Employment of dividing us; and pray *what is the Consequence?* Why the Fire of the Peoples Rage, wanting its usual supply of Fuel, begins to burn low, the Heat abates and cools; and may these Restraints but continue, it will soon go quite out: There will, it's true, some Smoak and some Soot remain, and perhaps now and then a little Blaze, and after so great an Inflammation, how can it be otherwise? But the Fuel, I say, being taken away, and the Press and Pulpit, those Bellows of our Destruction, being laid aside in the Quarrel, and the Agents of Mischief restrain'd, Peace will return, like the Waters of *Jordan*, to its native Channel, and we shall be all one People again.

The God of Peace open our Eyes to see, that this alone can prevent our Destruction; and that without it we must inevitably sink under the weight of our own Animosities.

Printed for J. Baker, at the Black-Boy in Pater-Noster-Row. 1713.

(Price Three Halfpence.)